The *Northampton-ſhire* Louer, or a pleaſant Dialogue betweene a *Northampton-ſhire* Gentleman and a Marchants daughter of London.

To the tune of *Falero lero lo.*

212

THou ſweeteſt of complexion,
whoſe beauty doth intice:
My heart lies in ſubiection,
thy loue did it ſurpriſe:
But onely this ſuffice,
thy vertues I doe know,
Which maketh me to loue thée,
Falero lero lo.

Wert thou not ſo regardleſſe,
of my moſt kindly offer,
And Dayden-like rewardleſſe,
wouldſt entertaine my proffer,
My Fathers richeſt coffer,
on thée I would beſtow,
For ſtill me thinkes I loue thée:
Falero, lero lo.

Of all my Predeceſſors,
I am the onely heyre,
That dwelleth in North-hampton-ſhire,
that country rich and faire:
Yet howſoere I fare,
my loue ſhall not be ſlow:
Thy vertues makes me loue thée,
Falero, lero lo.

My Father being deceaſed,
marke but my ſtore of land,
Which there my loue appeaſed,
ſhould be at thy command:
Doe not my loue withſtand,
leſt thou my fate ſhalt mate:
Thy vertues makes me long thee,
Falero, lero lo.

Thrée hundred goodly Akers,
of fallow Land is mine,
With threeſcore fiue halfe Akers,
which next to them do ioyne:
For rodes and part of ſtiches,
I haue as many mo,
Yet thy vertues makes me loue thée,
Falero, lero lo.

Vnſowne doth lye ſo much more,
from weeds and thiſtles cleere:
Which cauſe ſhall be more fruitfull,
is kept vntill next yeare:
Wouldſt thou imbrace thy Déere,
all this thou ſhouldſt haue too,
Thy vertues makes me loue thée,
Falero, lero lo.

Full fifty head of goodly kine,
my father free doth kéepe,
Thrée goodly teame of Horſes,
and full thrée thouſand ſheepe:
Beſide his ſwine and poultrey,
then let not loue be ſlow,
Thy vertues makes me loue thée,
Falero, lero lo.

His tenements are many,
built ſtrong of lime and ſtone,
In North-hampton ſtandeth fiue,
my father calls his owne:
When let thy loue be ſhowne,
to him that loues thée ſo,
Thy vertues makes me loue thée,
Falero, lero lo.

What is it then doth cauſe me,
of thée to be reiected,
My body hath by beautious maides,
béene oftentimes affected:
Yet I all loue reiected,
till thée I once did know:
Thy vertues makes me loue thée,
Falero, lero lo.

Déere ſweet regard my (heart,
ſtruck by the God of loue:
Which vntill I obtaine thée,
I know will neere remoue:
Then grant me loue for loue,
on me thy loue beſtow:
For thy vertues makes me loue thée,
Falero, lero lo.

Fond man leaue off thy wooing,
for I thy loue do ſhun,
Doſt thinke a Marchants daughter,
by words ſo ſoone is won:
Maides haue beene oft vndone,
by mens moſt flattering ſhow,
Mens vices makes me hate thée,
To loue I cry no no.

Men friendly ſéeme to vſe vs,
when falſe they are in heart,
Intending to vndoe vs,
and ſo from vs to part:
Would all had their deſerts,
that proue to maidens ſo,
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The Second part, To the ſame tune.

FOr all thy fathers riches,
I doe not wey a ſtraw:
young heires oft ſpend their coffers,
in riot, pride, and law.
Since firſt thy face I ſaw,
my loue to thée was flow:
Yens vices makes me hate thée,
To loue I cry no, no.

My father is as rich at Sea,
as thine is on the land,
Three goodly ſhips with Marchandiſe
to float at his command:
On wealth I do not ſtand,
enough both need no mo,
Yens vices makes me hate thée,
To loue I cry no, no.

Beſides within the Citty héere,
full plainely may be found:
His ſhop and full fluft Warehouſes
worth many a hundred pound.
Which doth to me redound,
but yet I wiſh not ſo,
Yens vices makes me hate thée,
To loue I cry no, no.

Variety of Gallants,
make theiv of loue to me,
Who of me ſhall be ſlighted,
leſt as I now ſlight thée:
My louyr ſhall procure a man,
whom firme in mind I know,
But yet my loue gainſt all ſhall ſtand
To loue I cry no, no.

You men in minds are fickle,
vile lous but by the houre,
A maid may find a young man kinde,
who inſtantly will lower,
In all things men untrue doe proue,
in promiſe they are ſlow:
Therefore Ile bid adue to loue,
And ſtill will cry no, no.

But if I chance to match with man
North-hamptonſhire Ile chuſe:
Becauſe of mind thoſe men are kind,
the reſt I will refuſe.
North-hamtonſhire to London,
was helper in her woe,
Which is the cauſe I loue them,
Falero, lero lo.

Which when this lolly gallant heard
he ſeemd away to part:
Pretending thereby for to try,
the temper of her heart.
For whether tongue and mind agréed
by this he thought to know,
And yet in heart he lou'd her.
Falero, lero lo.

The Damſell this perceiuing,
and noting his behauiour:
Thought fit to entertaine him,
poſſeſt of all her fauour:
Which he enioyd with full conſent.
ſo vnto Church they goe,
Where he eſpouſd the maid he lou'd,
Falero, lero lo.

The fathers of theſe couple,
death tooke into his hands,
And they were full poſſeſſed,
of all their goods and lands:
They liued in proſperity,
may all young men doe ſo,
Let men and Maids remember this,
loue creepes when't cannot goe.

FINIS.

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